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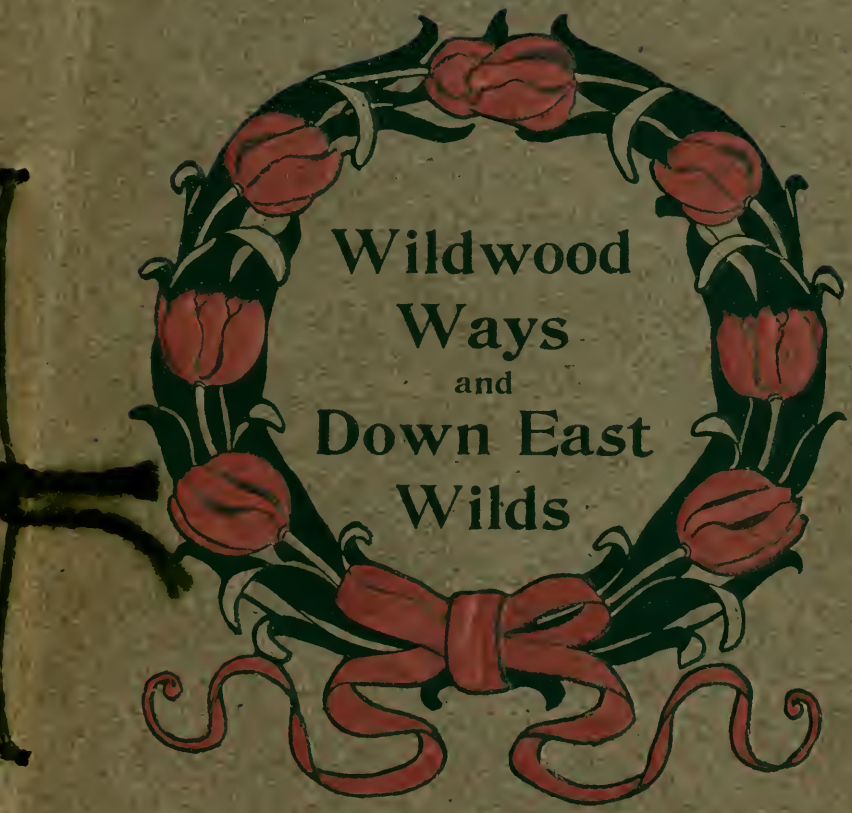

Thos. Martindale

1905

Price, Fifty Cents.

Wildwood Ways
And Down-East Wilds

THOMAS MARTINDALE

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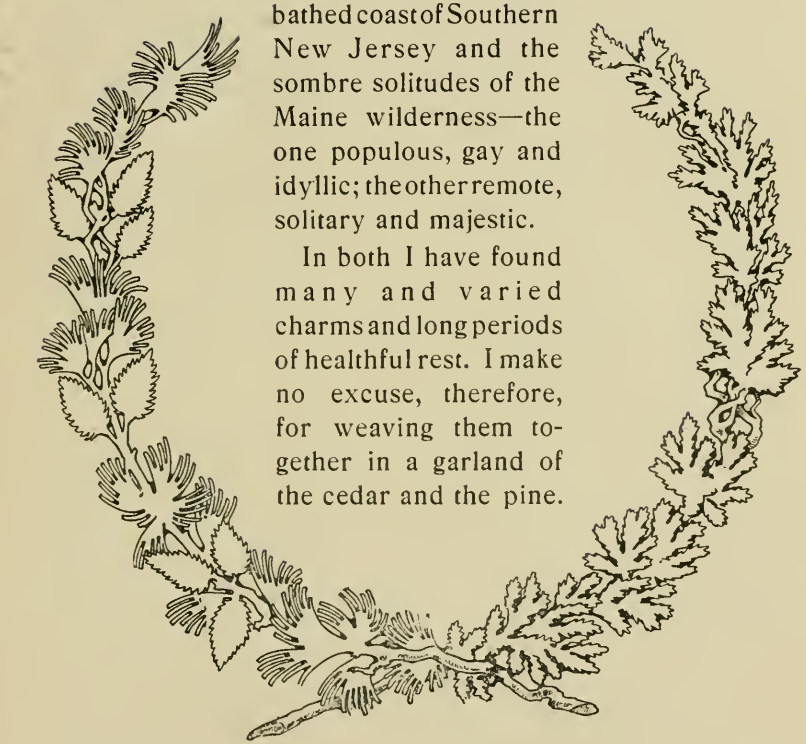
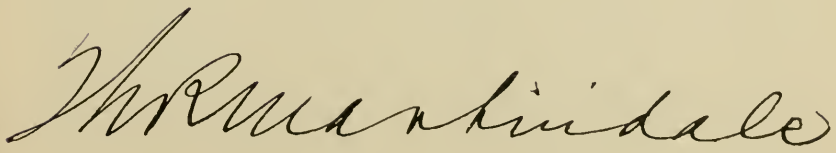
FEW regions offer more striking contrasts than the sun-bathed coast of Southern New Jersey and the sombre solitudes of the Maine wilderness—the one populous, gay and idyllic; the other remote, solitary and majestic.

In both I have found many and varied charms and long periods of healthful rest. I make no excuse, therefore, for weaving them together in a garland of the cedar and the pine.





IN THE BATHING HOURS, WILDWOOD-BY-THE-SEA.

20

WILD FLOWERS IN WILDWOOD GROVES

"The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight
The winds', the birds', the ocean floods',
The city's voice itself is soft like solitude's."
—*Shelley.*

WILD FLOWERS IN WILDWOOD GROVES

HAVING met by chance a gentleman with botanizing instincts who, like myself, was wasting time and clams on sand crabs while trying to entice the drum fish to take our baited hooks, we mutually agreed that we lacked the patience of the late Senator Quay at this sort of fishing and that a search for wildflowers might be more successful. My acquaintance was a man who wrote figures in the big ledgers of a trust company, and whose allotted vacation of two weeks was usually passed in botanizing—in "flowerizing"—let me coin a word—in and around Wildwood. With baskets on our arms, he swiftly led the way—I say swiftly, because this man believed in getting into a "lather of sweat" quickly—to a place where the road had been cut through a sand dune. On the left hand side there was still quite an elevation of sand, topped off with a rank vegetation of climbing plants, blueberry and blackberry bushes, poison ivy, Virginia creepers, trumpet flower vines, stunted cedars, baby firs, etc.

IN WILDWOOD DEPTHS

Our first "find" was a bed of wild cactus; from them my guide deftly plucked five yellow blossoms which he impaled upon sharp twigs, so that they would show to advantage in a vase with other flowers. Descending the other side of the sand dune, we found a large patch of dainty wild-pinks—pinks by name, but

in reality they were not pink, but pure white. Of these we gathered quite a bunch. Around the Southern crest of the "dune" we cut many sprays of the wild coral honeysuckle, the loveliest wild thing that can be imagined when it is first seen in its home environment; its brilliancy of scarlet, with its delicate, yellow petals just peeping out from under a hollybush, or a large cluster of the dark, green leaves of the creeping ivy, makes it a delight to the eye.

Next we threaded our way through a perfect maze of undergrowth, a veritable semi-tropical jungle, with here and there a small pond of fresh water, out of which were growing marsh mallow plants, cattails, wild rose bushes and wire grass. After walking about a half of a mile through this jungle, we came to a cluster of wild magnolia trees, on whose tall tops we could see an occasional blossom. Some of the trees would bend under our united strength, many refused to bend at all; but we succeeded in gathering a large cluster of these sweet-smelling buds whose fragrance was almost overpowering.

My friend now piloted the way to a sacred spot to him, where the wild trumpet flower plant ran rioting along the sandy surface; there were but two flowers in full bloom, and these we plucked, and they added color but not fragrance to our collection.

We next descended into a swampy labyrinth of wild grapevines and other clinging, creeping plants, in search of the wild, white honeysuckle. We found enough clusters of this flower to completely fill the little vacant space in our baskets, and, well satisfied with our collection, we emerged from the jungle, wet through and through with perspiration. Then a walk back home, a change of clothing and a glorious ocean bath and the morning's delightful experience was over.

To the casual visitor or the habitual cottager in these parts who has never braved the danger of coming in contact with the poison ivy in a walk through the yet remaining wild jungles between North Wildwood and Anglesea, he cannot have the remotest idea of the wanton growth of plant and floral life in this small stretch of land. No wonder that in years gone by

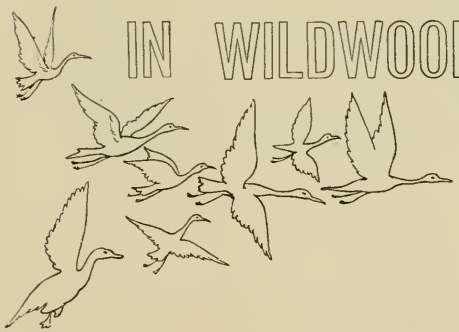
A VETERAN OF THE MARSH.

this was the sanctuary of the migratory wild duck, the resting place of the Canada goose, the solitary woodcock, the white egret and the long-legged crane. Even now I have flushed woodcock, and English snipe from almost under my feet, and many's the "cotton tail" that has gone bounding from his "form" at my approach. But alack-a-day, the ruthless axe is even now cutting great gashes in the "plebeian underwood," and horses are wearily hauling loads of sand to fill up the pools of fresh water, so that streets and sewers and sidewalks may be laid, houses built and electric light wires run on poles to furnish power or artificial light, and soon—all too soon—the flora and fauna upon this bit of nature's paradise will be submerged and wiped out from the face of the earth. The grand old trees, the cedars that have stood and braved the winter's storms for centuries, the oaks, gnarled and weather beaten; the wild cherry trees, the magnolias and the hollys, will gladden the eye and afford shelter for wild game no longer. With Bryant we may soon sing:

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas they are all in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again."

Here, indeed, was a rural, sheltered, unobserved retreat, where "nature's rude magnificence" was riotously displayed, here the song birds nested and hatched out their young, here the muskrat and the rabbit found food and shelter for their various wants and appetites, and here the gentle botanist found a rich field for observation and study, and likewise for all those who love to "go forth under the open sky and list to nature's teachings."

PLANTS AND BIRDS OF THE TROPICS IN WILDWOOD



"A wind came up out of the sea
And said, 'O mists make room for me,'
It touched the wood-bird's folded wing
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing.'"

—*Baillie.*

PLANTS AND BIRDS OF THE TROPICS IN WILDWOOD

IF SOME of the older residents of Five-mile Beach, who may be familiar with Shakespeare's immortal play, "The Tempest," will brush up their memories, or better still, read the second act and note what a marvelously accurate description of Five-mile Beach—as it was but a score of years ago—is contained in the dialogue of the shipwrecked passengers of the vessel that was cast upon "The Enchanted Island," wherein the principal and almost entire action of the play is laid, they will see, with me, a startling comparison:

"Though this island seem to be desert,—
* * * * *
Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,
* * * * *
It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.
* * * * *
The air breathes upon us here most sweetly;
* * * * *
Here is everything advantageous to life;
* * * * *
How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green.
Had I plantation of this Isle, my lord,
* * * * *
All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavor; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people."

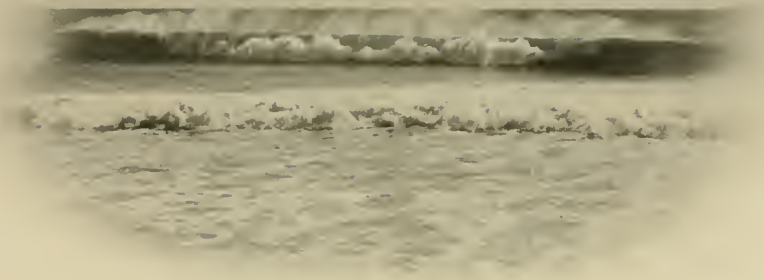
This island must have seemed "uninhabitable and almost inaccessible" to the early inhabitant. A formidable growth of tropical plant-life, running creepers, armed with jagged teeth, impeded the explorer's exertions to make a pathway for himself, without the aid of axe, machete or scythe—in fact, a wayfarer

who traversed the road which a long time ago was cut with much labor lengthwise through the center of the island, and attempted to enter the maze of climbing, creeping vegetation on either side of it, would have had a sorry time in making any headway whatever.

Did you ever think of it, that here, in the fortieth degree of latitude, we have a vegetation akin to that found in the fiftieth degree of latitude—or nearly that of Florida? Here you find the

IN WILDWOOD PARK

gray moss festooning some of the old trees; here you also find an occasional bunch of mistletoe crowning the rugged oaks, with cedars, magnolias and all manner of climbing plants—the wild grape vine, the wild hop vine, the honeysuckle, the trumpet vine, the Virginia creeper and the many forms of ivy, with creepers almost too numerous to mention, and all of tropical character—without mentioning the flowers, which seem to travel in a floral procession, lasting through the summer season, some coming,



AFTER THE GALE

some going, some blooming, some dying and many of the species being also found in the far off southland.

We cannot but be interested in noting the large varieties of birds that find a summer home here, and where many of them hatch out their young, and with them return to the Everglades of Florida or the rice fields of Georgia, when the raw winds of October sweep over the land. Other birds which we see are but passing visitors, callers on the way north in the spring, and resting here in the fall before they attempt the flight across the bay. It is said that the solitary and gamey woodcock rests himself for a few days on the island before crossing the Delaware Bay, and likewise the Wilson snipe. I have stirred up woodcock in a day's march, at about Tenth Street, say half a mile from Anglesea, in July, and the chances are that they had hatched out their young there. The beauteous snow white egret I noticed in the early part of August, very near the same locality, this bird being a veritable tropical resident. The Baltimore oriole and the scarlet tanajer, the blue bird, the yellow bird, the yellow-throated woodpecker, the king bird, the humming bird, the robin and the kingfisher, seem to build their nests, and make their summer homes here. And so does the osprey, the blue heron or crane, the doleful bittern, the king rail or marsh hen, while as visitors we have the yellow-legged snipe, the curlew, the willet, the calico-back, the gray snipe, the bull head and all manner of wild ducks, excepting the canvas-back and a few others.

A GLIMPSE OF THE MEADOWS

WHEN WILD CATTLE ROAMED IN WILDWOOD

The Wild Calf and the Mermaiden—Children of the Isle.

" Nor heeds the whitening barnacles,
As crushingly he tramps
By the sea's edge, along the ledge
Encrusted with their camps."
—*Trowbridge.*

WHEN WILD CATTLE ROAMED IN WILDWOOD

IN THE early part of January, 1903, my son and I made a trip to some copper mines in the mountainous region of Arizona. Our route led up the rich valley of the Gila River, where the bloodthirsty Apache Indians wander about in lazy indolence, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles to Globe, a small town where travelers take stage to the copper mining district, located in and around a range of mountains some six thousand feet high.

Our objective point was a mine near Troy, a hamlet thirty-one miles distant. Here we met a drummer for a San Francisco house, and the three of us hired a stage to convey us to the mine. We started early in the morning because the journey was an arduous and tedious one, and, if possible, we hoped to complete it before sundown. After a few miles of travel in the bottom lands, the road commenced to wind backwards and forwards up the sides of the mountain, and so steep was it that in places we had to get out and walk, as the horses couldn't do much more than pull the empty wagon.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW

About noon the snow line was reached, and in the snow we saw the tracks of many animals. The driver said that most of the tracks were made by coyotes and foxes. There were no deer tracks, or tracks of mountain lions. Commenting on this scarcity of the sort of game which we had expected to see on the trip, our Jehu, who was a typical cowboy, said that before long he expected that we would see the wildest animals of all the wild tribes in Arizona, in fact, real wild cattle, steers, cows, calves and bulls.

After crossing the summit at 6180 feet elevation, our road ran for a distance on the top of a knife-like ridge with a deep cañon on each side. To our right, on the opposite side of the

cañon was a thick growth of mesquites and chaparral brush with many tall cactus bushes, standing out like grim sentinels among the scrubby vegetation.

We were advised to keep a sharp lookout there for wild cattle, and sure enough we soon spied a bunch of five feeding quietly half way up the side of the mountain. They were probably three miles away, and yet even at that distance we could see that they had discovered our presence, either by their sense of sight or of smell, as we hardly thought they could hear the team at the distance between them and ourselves. They ran

OLD SOUTH JERSEY FARM HOUSE

here and there in plain view for a short time, and then, as if the earth had swallowed them, they disappeared from view. We were informed that it was much easier to successfully stalk an elk or deer than these wild cattle, which always tried the patience, endurance and skill of the hunter to the utmost.

WILD CATTLE IN JERSEY

A score of years ago Five-mile Beach on the New Jersey Coast, now divided up into the boroughs of Holly Beach and

Anglesea, forming the ends of the island, with the borough of Wildwood in the center, was almost an impassable jungle. A road had been laboriously cut lengthwise through the center of the island, by means of which land communication was kept up between the two inlets, Hereford Inlet and Two-mile Inlet, now Anglesea and Holly Beach.

Tradition says that the influential family of Cresse and others, then prosperous farmers on the mainland, transported a herd of cattle over to the island upon flat boats, there to riot and fatten upon the rich sustenance which nature had wantonly provided for the wants of wild animal life as well as for the migratory wild fowl, which found a sanctuary upon the delectable stretch of brilliant green.

In process of time, the cattle became shy and secreted themselves from human ken as much as possible; likewise they multiplied amazingly, and in but a brief few years they became wild—wild as the Arizona wild herds above mentioned. So wild and fierce did they become that it was not deemed safe for a man to traverse the road through the island unless he were armed with a trusty rifle and with plenty of cartridges.

FEATS OF THE GREAT BLACK BULL

Among them was a certain Black Bull, which would have been welcomed in Andalusia of Sunny Spain where wild bulls from time immemorial have been captured to take part in the national pastime of bull fighting.

It is related that once upon a time a couple of men were driving behind a pair of swift horses from Two-mile Inlet to Hereford Inlet when they discovered a young calf lying asleep among some underbrush. To capture the calf and lift it into the carriage was the work of but a minute, but when once in the carriage the calf would bawl in spite of all they could do, and its bawling speedily brought the mother who started after the now rapidly moving vehicle, adding her cries to those of her offspring. Her distress and alarm were thus made known to the whole herd,

which came plunging and tearing into the roadway from each side of the jungle.

Among them was the renowned Black Bull; he soon forged to the front in the mad race, and now if ever man plied the whip to a pair of fast horses, these men did. The horses themselves were panic stricken and plunged and reared from side to side of the road, so that the calf's abductors were fearful that they would wreck the carriage, and thus they would be thrown out and in turn would be wrecked by the infuriated bull. This danger became more and more imminent as the race progressed, the

A SKETCH OF THE SALT MEADOWS

bull keeping up easily with the frenzied horses without trouble, and to save themselves and their team from a fateful end the men were ignominously constrained to pick the calf up bodily and drop it on the ground from the side of the speeding carriage as a peace-offering to the outraged feelings of the furious cattle.

The herd grew in numbers to such an extent that occasionally some of its daring members swam or waded the intervening sounds at low water and made havoc on the farms and truck gardens of the mainland, demolishing fences, tramping down fields of growing corn and causing much damage among the

ALONG THE THOROUGHFARE BELOW HOLLY BEACH

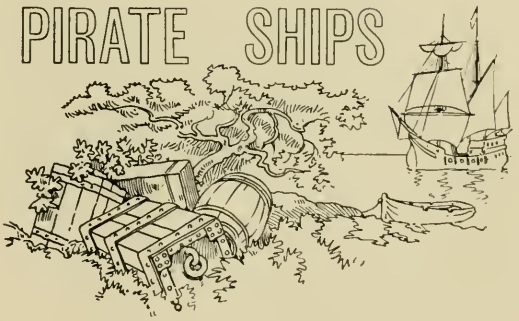
cabbages, peas, beans, beets and turnips, so that between the terror which the main herd on the island inspired by their fierceness, and the loss sustained from the incursions of stray members to the mainland, the farmers and fisher-folk all looked upon them as dire enemies and rightful prey to anyone who could "snipe" them with rifle or gun, and many a one fell a victim to the aim of the head of a family who wanted beef for their winter's use.

Then it came about that a certain prominent resident of Holly Beach, now indeed, Mayor of that important borough, after bargaining with the reputed former owners of the original herd or herds of cattle, sent to the city for a prosaic butcher to come down with an assistant and bring likewise his tools in trade and work-cleavers, knives and saws. Then the aforesaid prominent resident arming himself with a high-power rifle, stalked and killed just as many cattle as the butcher and his assistants could dress and prepare in a day.

The meat was shipped to Philadelphia promptly, where it was sold at a goodly price, the hides were cured and salted away, and the offal turned to merchantable account. Thus, day by day, the meat dressers working and lodging in a frame shanty, erected in the most convenient spot, and the now doughty Mayor, stalking behind trees or creeping on hands and knees and ofttimes on his stomach through the underwood, getting a shot there and another here, the wild cattle diminished in numbers with each setting sun, until the "last of the Mohicans" was slain.

Then quickly came the surveyor, the speculator, the real estate man, the builders, the railroad, the trolley, the waterworks, the graded streets, the sewers, the electric lights, the piers, the Casino, the hotels, the bank, the boarding houses, the stores, the private cottages, the bath houses, the boardwalks, the local newspaper, the Town Council and now behold "the new and halcyon seaside resort, Wildwood."

TREASURE TROVE FROM PIRATE SHIPS

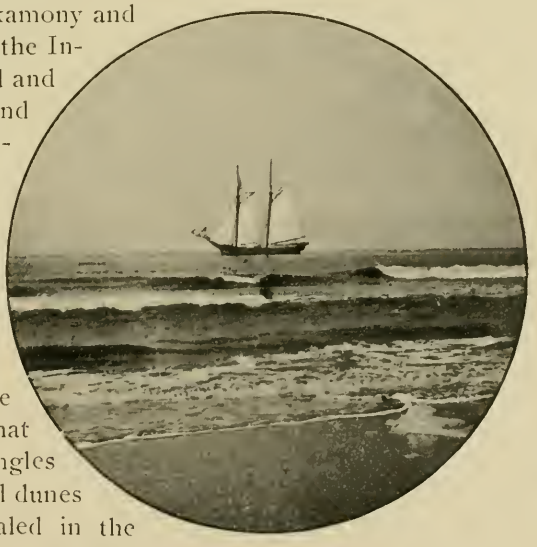


"As, with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So, toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden."

—*Anon.*

TREASURE TROVE FROM PIRATE SHIPS

WHAT a curious, eventful glamor circles like a halo around the story of Wildwood's early history! From the time when Charles II, "The Merry Monarch" of England, granted on March 12, 1664, the Island to his brother James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II, who was crowded out of England by his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, to March 30, 1688, when the title was perfected by the native chiefs, Hohan-Topatrapanning, Hohan-Kepanectamto, Takamony and Mothant-Takomis, the Indians hunted, fished and lived on the island and fought internecine wars with the tribes of red men who held sway among the fertile lands and mountainous regions of what is now known as Pennsylvania. We may well imagine that amidst the dense jungles and behind the sand dunes or in lying concealed in the numerous tidal estuaries that radiated in and out of the sounds, the warriors who waxed fat upon the rich sustenance they could easily obtain both from the fertile island itself and the surrounding sounds, could successfully defy their subtlest enemies, for their home—five miles long and, say, three-fourths of a mile broad—would be as impregnable to



assault with bows and arrows, spears and tomahawks as if they had been sheltered behind the walls of a fortress.

One hundred and thirty-six years have slipped away since the island became the property of fifty-two whalers. Then, indeed, the capture and killing of whales was an important item of commerce, for our great-great-great-grandmothers needed cords upon cords of whalebone for their stays, for their "stomachers" and for their gowns, and the Beau Brummels of that day, too, they were fain to use the same light and springy commodity to help them in padding their clothes so that they might strut and stalk and pirouette before the fair sex in almost regal splendour; and the oil from the whale was likewise of much importance. About the period of the Revolutionary War and later during that of 1812 this was a center of coastwise shipbuilding. Here coasters were built and fitted out to prey upon the commerce of his crazy Majesty George III, and occasionally to harry even a man-of-war which, with her deep draught and sluggish sailing, would find but little use in chasing the nimble coaster, drawing, perhaps, not over five foot of water, that could slip in and out of Two-mile Inlet or Hereford Inlet—the boundaries of Five-mile Beach—with impunity.

After the war of 1812, and when affairs had quieted down, many of the sailors and mariners who had taken part in the exciting events of the times, became restless, lawless, adventuresome, and finally resorted to piracy. To men who had served in vessels fitted out as privateers and which were commissioned to prey upon any craft that displayed the British flag, it was but a short step from that occupation to that of a pirate, who counted the commerce sailing under all flags as his particular portion, provided that his vessel could make the capture safely, man the prizes and get away from a pursuing force quickly to a place where the proceeds of the forays could be concealed until a fitting time arrived when the plunder could be turned into "coin of the realm." "Five-mile Beach" afforded such a haven of security as, perhaps, could be found at no other point north of Hatteras. Once inside either inlet, the broad waters of Grassy

Sound with its numerous tributary creeks and thoroughfares would enable the captain of the pirate ship to "laugh his enemies to scorn." The captured cargoes could be easily landed on the island, for at one place nearly in its center, a narrow estuary running in from the sounds with a fair depth of water, approached almost up to the sand dunes themselves, so that the merchandise could be secreted in one or more of the big dunes that clustered around the island.

A friend of the writer, himself a lover of the gun and the salt marsh, has a fine old ditty which was probably a favorite in those rollicking days.

> I'm afloat, I'm afloat, on the fierce rolling tide,
> Where the ocean's my home, and my barque is my bride.
> I heed not the monarch, I fear not the law,
> While I've a compass to steer by; a dagger to draw.
>
> Quick, quick, turn her sails, let the sheet kiss the wind;
> I'll warrant we'll soon leave the sea gulls behind.
> I ne'er was a coward, nor a slave will I kneel,
> While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel.

Tradition has it that in the early part of the last century the few farmers upon the mainland across the sounds from Wildwood one day saw a "low rakish schooner" with a sharp bow carrying a large spread of canvas, the deck covered with men, coming up Grassy Sound from Hereford Inlet. She was closely followed by a small brig whose sails had evidently been punctured with cannon balls fired at close quarters, as the holes showed powder marks around the edges, and besides these telltale marks, her spars were splintered, her foremast being broken off short, her rigging badly out of gear, the ropes showing rough splices here and there, while she had an ugly looking hole near her bow close to the water-line, into and out of which the water surged with every heave of the craft. The farmers rightly conjectured that the first vessel was a pirate and the second a prize which the pirate had captured and manned with a crew. The pirates cast anchor near the mouth of the little estuary or bay

described above and lay there during the balance of the day. The pirates were soon at work washing their clothing and hanging it on the rigging to dry, while a boat's crew put off into the sounds at near low water and soon returned with a deck load of large, succulent oysters which the men had gathered from the flats after the tide had run out. When the shades of night had fallen, and while the observers could not differentiate objects in the darkness, they noticed lanterns waving here and there, which were evidently being used to guide small boats from the vessels

WHERE THE PIRATES LANDED

up the narrow estuary where they were unloaded, near the woods, and it was rightly conjectured that the contents were spoils of plundered vessels for which the crews were finding hiding places in the interior of the island, so it came to pass that night after night and day by day for some ten days the same programme was carried out. Human nature being alike from one century to another, we need not wonder that these weird proceedings set the farmers all agog, and it wasn't long until the news spread to the settlement at Rio Grande, to Cold Spring, to

Cape May Court House and to Cape May itself, only eight miles away, and the residents of these places hurried to the nearest point of observation, where they held excited and whispered conversations. Finally one day the two vessels sailed away with the ebb tide. The vessels were obliged necessarily to approach the mainland in keeping to the center of the channel; it was then seen that the captured brig had been patched up during her stay; the hole in her bow was closed, the sails were repaired and the cordage mended and readjusted, the broken foremast had been deftly spliced or mortised so that it looked as good as new, and the brig wore a jaunty, defiant air and seemed to carry a large crew of men who were in no wise afraid of being seen. The farmers, however, kept themselves discreetly obscured in the undergrowth which surrounded their farms for fear the pirates might fire a shot or two from their eight-pounder guns. That self-same day, however, the boldest spirits among them decided that having carefully noted the direction the lighted lanterns took every night, and surmising that they would have no trouble in locating the spot where the supposed spoils were secreted, agreed among themselves that the next morning at break of day they would invade the island and raid the caché when found.

Some nineteen men gathered together at the appointed time; prominent among them were four young farmers from Cape May; these four men, who were said to be the leaders of the party, were stout-hearted, honest sons of toil, who feared neither man nor beast. The day was not propitious, a northeast wind had set in which backed up the ebbing tide and made the trip across the sound rough and boisterous, but they landed safely near the spot where they were sure they would find the path over which the pirates had traveled. Indeed, it was easily found, for it was deeply furrowed with the marks of heavy weights which had been carried over it. It led to the interior of the island through a matted growth of wild creeping and hanging vines. The men pursued their way cautiously, stepping lightly and peering out in all directions as they advanced. They

reached a place where the vegetation was so thick as to almost exclude the light and standing there, not knowing whether to go further or not, they were startled beyond measure by the report of four shotguns from out of the dusky recesses, accompanied by a hail of small shot which stung most of them on the face and neck. Having no firearms with them, they incontinently fled to their boats and made a rapid retreat to the mainland, where they helped each other in picking out the pellets of lead that had struck them. The next day, armed with rifles and accompanied by a motley pack of dogs—hounds, bull-dogs, shepherd dogs and terriers—they craftily approached the scene of the shooting. Believing that they were being watched by some of the pirates who had been left behind, they sent the dogs in ahead and soon they heard shots and the cries of wounded dogs. The farmers now charged in the direction from which the sounds came and, while by reason of the dense underbrush their progress was slow, yet they finally were gratified to hear from the barking of the dogs that the men were on the run. The pirates kept repeatedly turning on the dogs and shooting at them, but evidently feared to fire on the farmers, and so the chase continued to the southern end of the island, where upon emerging on the meadows among the holly trees (which gave to Holly Beach its name) the farmers discovered four men already in a rowboat and rapidly making their way across the inlet to Two-mile Beach; as soon as they could draw a bead upon the fleeing men, they fired and kept firing at them. One man was seen to fall forward and another to drop his oar, but with great effort they reached the opposite shore in a disordered condition and at once made their way into the brush, the sound men dragging the wounded men along with them. As they were never seen again, it was supposed that they eventually worked their way into the Delaware River, and by rowing with the flood-tides, reached New Castle, Del., where the wounded men would find medical treatment and, perhaps, recover.

The victors now retraced their way to the dunes, and with little difficulty found the "treasure trove" buried in the side of

one of the big sand hills. Here were rich silks carefuly sewed up in oil silk, satins and velvets, guns, boxes of indigo, boxes of fine teas, rare spices, a few bags of Spanish golden doubloons and English silver half-crowns, but not as many by any means as the men had expected to find, although several boatloads of plunder were unearthed in all. The spoils were quickly boated over to the mainland, where a fair division was made of the booty, and for half a century after that, relics of the foray might occasionally be found in the houses along and around the cape. It was supposed that the four men were left as a guard over the treasures until the return of the pirate schooner, but whether the watchers were able to acquaint their chief with their direful news and thus prevent his returning to the island or not was never known, as the pirates' vessel was seen no more in that vicinity.

Some years afterwards, a girl who went by the name of Peterson and another called Anita Erickson, came each into possession of a scarlet silk shawl that had been a portion of the pirate's spoils. With these on their shoulders they were sauntering idly through the woods and following the road that was cut lengthwise of the island. The day was fine, and the girls were laughing and talking about their beaux, when they looked up and found confronting them a herd of wild cattle. A fierce bull, seeing the red shawls, at once charged the defenceless girls, and with loud, resounding screams they at once started to run. On one side of them was an impenetrable mass of vegetation, on the other a small fresh water pond. Growing out of the pond was a few wild magnolia trees, and two of these trees were growing at such an angle as to enable the girls to climb up to a position of safety. But the cattle kept surging around the base of the trees, pawing up the mud and throwing it over their backs, and seemed in no haste to leave, so the girls, in order to appease their wrath, were constrained to throw down the offending shawls as a peace offering to the outraged feelings of the infuriated cattle. They soon tramped the flaring shawls out of sight in the mud and then apparently satisfied they sullenly moved away, and shortly before nightfall the imprisoned girls were found by a

party of their relatives who had started out in search of them. It was a happy deliverance for the girls, as they did not dare to descend the trees for fear the cattle would meet them again; but all's well that ends well; once in their homes in Holly Beach they soon forgot their terror, but of red silk shawls they never wanted to see another.

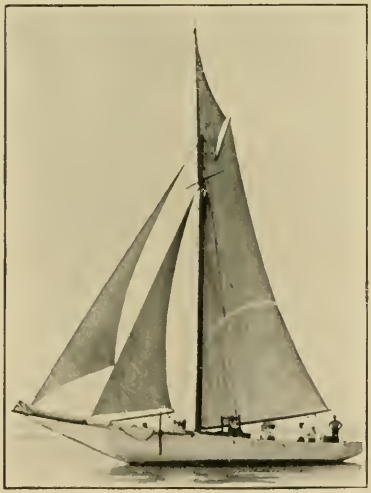
OLD TALES RETOLD

"The windows rattling in their frames,
The ocean roaring on the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech."

—*Longfellow*.

OLD TALES RETOLD

IN DAYS PRIMEVAL, long before the advent of the white man, the copper-colored savage lived, fought and died on Five-mile Beach within sound of the restless ocean on one side and the soughing trees on the other. The story of his life is silently told when the spade brings to light the proofs that the bow and spear were his weapons of the chase as well as of combat, that a trimmed flake of flint or "a splinter of argillite" was a knife (and many are the sizes of such knives that have been thus turned up, broken pottery, bowls and shallow dishes are mute witnesses that the mysterious natives often had times of feasting when the meals were served in earthen dishes. The spade has likewise resurrected the bones of elk, deer, bear, beaver, fox, raccoon, muskrat, gray squirrel and the cottontail rabbit, besides those of the wild turkey and fish of many kinds, so that with the above and the fat and luscious oysters and succulent clams that thrived in every sound, the red man veritably lived on the fat of the land. But how the ground in South Jersey has raised since those halcyon days! In sinking artesian wells in Wildwood, the drill has gone through a solid log at a depth of over three hundred feet. Think of it, those of you who delight in the marvelous! How many, many hundreds of graves of the great original dwellers may lie



under our very feet, "For all that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom." Take the wings

> Of morning, pierce the Barcan Wilderness,
> Or lose thyself in continuous woods
> Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
> And millions in those solitudes, since first
> The flight of years began, have laid them down
> In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!"

It is asserted that the Indians—our Indians—were derived from the great Algonquin tribe, locally called the Lenni-Lenapes or Delawares, and their last king, Nummy, was buried on the land now known as Nummy's Island on the north side of Grassy Sound and at present crossed by the wires and poles of the life-saver's telegraph line. What a burial place for a king, with the waves singing a daily requiem over his remains and the mystic electric current flashing messages of grave import over them for the safety of the mariners who sail their craft within seeing distance of his now leveled mound! History tells us that no part of New Jersey was taken from the Indians by force; the iridescent string of beads, the loads of wampum, the seductive fire-water, powder, shot and ball-muskets and the old arquebuss no doubt were of sufficient attraction to make the guileless natives part with their rich lands and happy hunting grounds, and when these were bartered away, then followed their long migration to Indiana. It's but a sad, sad tale at the best, this passing of the red man to make room for the Anglo-Saxon white man.

The old chronicler De Vries in 1633 records that during his time whale fishing was carried on with success along this portion of the Jersey coast by whalers from New Haven, Connecticut, and that a party struck a school of whales, capturing seven out of the bunch. In 1718 six whales were taken, and in 1752 a like number. In 1634 Lieutenant Robert Evelyn saw great numbers of wild swans and wild geese, and all manner of ducks in almost incredibly large flocks; wild pigeons and wild turkeys; also—

and mark you this—bison, black-bear, panthers, wolves, foxes, otters, deer and beavers. Jacob Spicer, John Townsend and the Hands, Stites, Crawfords, Ludlams, Hewitts, Holmes, Corsons, Leamings, Shellinks, Whilldens, Willets, Cresses, Goffs, Youngs, Eldredges, Godfreys, Mathews—all of them settlers in and about here from 1685 to 1691—must have lived like "barons of old" on roast wild fowl, venison, wild turkey, roasted wild pigeons, oysters on the half shell and clam chowders. Where else in all the world at that time or since could such a paradise of wild game and dainty sea food be found. To the man with any hunting instincts in his blood, such a recital as the above makes him look back over the two centuries and more since then with fond reflections, and he is apt to regret that he was born in the double breech-loading shot-gun and multiplying-fishing-rod-reel age and not in the days we are now writing about. Indeed, it is enough to make our great hunting ancestor Nimrod, turn over in his grave with envy.

A few years since a copy of an old pamphlet was found, printed in London in 1681, by agents interested in the colonization of West Jersey. It sets forth the advantages of this new country and so well describes the system of proprietory tracts from which all present titles descend that it is worth quoting in part:

"The Method laid down for Sale and Division of the Country of West-Jersey, is by Proprieties, (that is to say) One Propriety contains the Hundredth Part of the Whole Country: Of which Proprieties, many are already Sold, and disposed of to Purchasers; & Several of the same remains yet to be Sold. In each of these Hundred Parts or Proprieties, the Quantity of Acres, cannot be absolutely Ascertained; but its generally judged to be Twenty Thousand Acres, and upwards; but some have accounted each Propriety to contain much more. And if any Person be not minded to deal for a Whole Propriety; Two, Four, Six, Eight, or more, may joyn in the purchase thereof; There being Land enough in one of these Proprieties for many Families.

"The Dividing, and Laying out the Land is done by Com-

missioners appointed upon the Place. And there is a large Tract of Land containing above Sixty English Miles, lying along the River of Delaware, taken up, and Bought of the Natives: The Commissioners lay out (at present) about Five or Six Thousand Acres of Land for a Propriety out of this Tract, as People come over that have bought: By which Means, the People settle near together, for their Conveniency of Trade and Commerce. And when this Tract of Land is all Settled, then it's intended to take up another Tract of Land, and proceed in the same Method; and so in like manner to continue, until the Whole Country is Divided. And the said Commissioners, for dividing the same, are to be Chosen by the General-Assembly of the Colony, with Approbation of the Governor, or His Deputy, upon the Place.

"As for the Deeds or Conveyances, signed, or to be signed by Edward [Billinge] and His Trustees, they were at first drawn up by able Counsellors at Law, and are [all] after one manner: So that, every Purchaser hath alike Priviledge.

"For Transportation of Passengers to West-Jersey, Ships set Sail from London generally Once in Three Months, sometimes in Two Months: The Master gives Notice Six Weeks (or more) of his Going before-hand.

"The Price for every Passenger, (that is to say) for Men and Women, Meat, Drink, and Passage, with a Chest, is Five Pounds sterling per Head: For Children of Twelve Years of Age, and under, Fifty Shillings per Head; Sucking Children, Nothing: For Goods, Forty Shillings a Tun Freight, to be Landed at Burlington, or elsewhere upon Delaware-River.

"Sometimes, ships go from Dublin, sometimes from Hull: But if any Persons, to the Number of Thirty, or more, in Scotland or Ireland, desiring to be taken in There, the Ship-Master will take them in at Leith, Dundee, or Aberdeen on the East, and at Aire on the West of Scotland, and at Dublin or Waterford in Ireland; so as they order some Person in London, to agree, and give Security for so many Passengers to be ready at the Time and Place agreed upon, to be taken aboard, with Account how many Tun of Goods they intend to Ship. And the commodities

fit to be carryed to New Jersey, are such as are usually carryed to Virginia, New-York, or Mary-Land."

Real estate deals in those days were very apt to be gigantic ones, such as Wm. Penn's grant covering a large portion of Pennsylvania and others of lesser magnitude. In 1688 Dr. Daniel Coxe, of London, who was physician to Charles II, purchased outright 95,000 acres of land and later, bought all of the Indians' titles through his agent, Alfred Bonde, from the mouth of Egg Harbor to Cape May and extending northwesterly to the Cohansey River. By some freak of fortune or of royal favor, Dr. Coxe likewise held title from the Atlantic to the Pacific between the thirty-first and thirty-sixth degrees of latitude. What think you of that for a real estate transaction? Coxe Hall, two stories high, with observatory and large apartments at Town Bank, a few miles from Five-mile Beach, was for many, many years a princely mansion among the pines and cedars, and the wonder of those days.

In certain proceedings before the Lords of Trade in London in 1699, it was reported that pirates had been burying plunder on Five-mile Beach and vicinity from captured vessels that sailed up and down the Spanish main, and Captain Kidd's tree near Cape May light (house), which was still standing some twelve years ago, was a living reminder of the days when the "Jolly Rogers" and her kindred roving corsairs were terrors to all that "went down into the sea in ships." They were Ishmaelites of the ocean blue, their crews respecting neither the laws of God nor man nor any flag save that of the skull and cross-bones. Spanish privateers cruised along the coast in 1740, and French privateers in 1747 and 1748. In 1759 the English privateer brig Grau captured off Five-mile Beach the French vessel Rachel.

What think you of this: All the girls of Five-mile Beach, of Cape May and Rio Grande in 1757 knitted mittens to be sent to the Philadelphia shops in barter for such finery as was then dear to the feminine heart, and everybody—mind you, everybody —made wampum out of the black parts of the mussel shells, which was used as money in trading with the Indians.. To say

that in 1772 pewter dishes, flints, etc., were in use and that during the Revolutionary War salt-making and privateering were carried on on Five-mile Beach, will hardly astonish the reader, for enough has been written to show what a busy spot, what an interesting five miles of beach front, what now is Wildwood, Holly Beach and Anglesea were, in the time of the "merry Monarch" and the four Georges.

The phenomenal storm which lasted nearly a month from December 12, 1826, to Sunday, January 7, 1827, and swept the coast from Labrador to Mexico and which made an island out of Cape May, wrecked over two hundred vessels, and from which two hundred and twelve bodies were recovered, and caused a money loss of over two million dollars, was of special interest to the denizens of Five-mile Beach.

On Sunday, January 7, a fisherman named Hughes, collecting wreckage on the beach, saw some distance from the shore what seemed to be a box between two barrels. After much trouble he secured the prize, a cradle covered with oil skin and lashed between two quarter casks. He removed the covering. There lay a child, apparently dead. Hastily cutting the lashing, he started for home with the cradle in his arms. His wife revived the hapless little derelict, and by night the baby showed no indications of its terrible struggle for life.

In the cradle was a writing telling the story. Captain Fane and wife, on board a Boston brig, having no expectations of escape, sought to save their only child, a girl, by giving her to Providence and the mercy of the sea. In the course of a few months the child was taken by relatives who lived in Boston.

Emeline Fane, as the child was named, grew up to be a beautiful and accomplished woman, and went to England on a visit to relatives, and here she was wooed and won by a nephew of Warren Hastings, the famous governor general of India. Her husband died three years after the marriage, and she married an Australian millionaire named Shellin. They embarked on the Wanderer, a British clipper ship, bound for Sydney, and no tidings were ever heard of the vessel thereafter. The deadly sea reclaimed the "child of the wreck."

THE HILARIOUS JOYS OF CRABBING

" Give me thine angle, we'll to the river, there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fish ; my bending hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws."

—*Shakespeare*—(*Anthony and Cleopatrea*).

THE HILARIOUS JOYS OF CRABBING

MANY a time and oft" the writer has asked the "wife of his bosom" to go a-fishing with him—dilating upon the delights of catching blue fish, the little fellows that frequent the inlet, flounders, bass and weak fish—but a "stony eye" was turned upon him invariably and a ready excuse was found for not going. But if crabbing was mentioned, then she was all animation and at once intensely interested—this thing

CRABBING AT ANGLESEA

and that thing could be easily put off until later, and she would indeed be delighted to go after the succulent fellows that can run backward, forward and sidestep with anything that skims.

The season I write of was a peculiar one for crabbing, as the cold weather of the previous winter had frozen the nimble, crustaceans in their beds of mud, and for months in the early summer there was none to be found, but, with the advent of September, the joyful news was spread about among the feminine contingent that hosts of crabs had arrived, evidently having come in from the south, and soon the sounds and inlets were swarming with them, and they were big, fine, fat fellows, with china-blue claws, as sprightly and as full of fight as a wild-cat

The dear ladies were soon in a flutter of excitement, and I was asked to make arrangements for a crabbing party of two—I was to get the bait, the lines and the boat, get the boat to the proper place and then leave them to do the rest. At the same time I was to be within hailing distance so that if anything untoward happened, almost immediate help might be extended to them. One of the pair was a rather ponderous woman, who had never seen a crab caught, had no idea how they would act when they were landed in the boat, nor any knowledge of how quick they were to strike with their claws and how swiftly they could move about. The other one knew all their tricks and was boiling with suppressed excitement for the fun to begin. The large lady sat in the stern, the smaller one in the bow. And during the subsequent proceedings the stern of the boat at times was violently bobbed up and down, making the one in the bow think it was an aquatic game of see-saw. The pieces of raw beef, which were used as bait, were quickly tied to the lines, dropped overboard, and with a landing net for each, the ladies were ready for business. The crabs promptly came to the attack, whereupon No. 1—the big woman—let out a scream that was easily heard across Grassy Sound. She had brought up a china-blue fellow and had gotten him into the boat, but not into the basket. He made a feint for her ankles, side-stepped for her left hand, and she had swung around on the stern, bringing her feet up partly into the air, while the crab was standing on his flippers and striking at her with his claws, but No. 1 was now safe, he couldn't reach her as her feet were first over one side and then the other of the boat and, acting upon the admonition of No. 2, she managed to get him into the net and then into the basket. Meanwhile No. 2 had been landing crabs without much screaming and getting them securely housed, when another yell like the scream of the great Northern Loon split the air and stirred up once more the risibilities of the residents on the northern side of the sound, but this yell was continued in sections, each one louder than its neighbor, so that one might think

that No. 1 was being "done to death." No. 2 in the meantime using her lungs in violent laughter, for if the truth must be told, a big, horrid monster, ugly as sin itself, with a hard, round body and a number of long, tapering legs and claws, had been hauled into the boat. It was a sea spider. "A what?" screamed No. 1. "A sea spider," said No. 2. "Take it away—take it away. Ugh! The vile thing. Ugh! ugh! It's coming right for me," said No. 1. "Crush it with your little tiny foot," says No. 2, "crush it; crush it." "Crush it!" So No. 1 dropped one of her feet upon it, and quiet for a few minutes was restored — but only for a little time. The crabs gathered around the boat so thick and were so hungry that on two or three occasions the bait would be pulled up with three crabs and a sea spider firmly attached to it, and the crabs commenced to get out of the basket —it was chocked full — and they wandered here and there — and mostly there. No. 1 swung herself again on the stern of the

boat like as if she was on a pivot, first her feet would be on the starboard side and then in a jiffy they'd be to port, and screams and screams and screams tore through the atmosphere until the "rowboat autocrat" of Grassy Sound came running to the rescue, throwing them another basket to cage the nimble wanderers in. This, likewise, was soon filled and the lids tied down firmly so that not a claw could be pushed out in any direction, and in a couple of hours the crabbing party had done its work. The train thundered across the drawbridge, the precious catch was put into the baggage car. When the conductor came around for the tickets, No. 1 was sore and hoarse from screaming and No. 2 sore from laughing. Soon the home cottage was reached and it wasn't long until two big kettles full of boiling water were ready for the crabs.

The writer was "permitted" to put the crabs into the kettles, and as the struggling, clawing crabs would "occasionally" slip from his hands to the floor "in spite" of his best efforts, then both Nos. 1 and 2 would jump onto chairs, and the scenes and excitement at Grassy Sound were re-enacted o'er and o'er.

Now to compare fishing with crabbing, as far as the fair sex is concerned, one of them says, "Fishing is a prosaic thing. You're waiting—always waiting—for a bite; the bites seldom come; but when they do, the fish are not always landed. Moreover, you have to wait at times until the tide comes in, again until it goes out, or wait until the wind changes or until something else happens. Oh, pshaw! What's the use in going fishing, anyway, when we can go crabbing?"

OUR LAKE

"We sat aroun' the leapin' blaze
That sent its glitter different ways,
An' struck the trees an' made 'em shine
Like we was in a silver mine;
We laughed an' chatted matters o'er,
As no one ever had before;
Until the woods, the first we knew
Began to laugh an' holler too!"

—*Carleton.*

O U R L A K E

OUR LAKE" is somewhat peculiar in its contour. Its outline bears a slight resemblance to an acute triangle, the inlet being at the point and the outlet at one extreme of the base. Its length is about three and a half miles, and the width at its widest about one mile. It is bordered by a forest of spruce, cedar and hackamack trees, and these have tinctured its waters and given them a rich brown tinge. A tiny rivulet flows inward under a bower of alders, forming an affluent whose channel is the favorite haunt of the mink, the otter and the weasel—an ideal spot, indeed, for the trapper. And not alone for the trapper. The hunter who seeks this region for his sport is apt to be rewarded with the sight of an amorous couple of moose threshing along the valley and making sad havoc with the thick growth of water plants, the overhanging foliage and the sloping banks of shale and clay.

Several miles up, a dam once held back the waters for the benefit of timber cutters. This was long ago, and the ghostly forms of drowned trees now strike the eye, spreading their spectral limbs over a thicket of alders, hazel and blueberry bushes interlaced with cranberry vines. Through these the water flows unhindered, its moving breast flecked with sunlight and leafy shadows. At the sides a wanton growth of deep, lank grass affords a hiding place for the timid deer as well as cosey beds for the moose, where he may take his naps wrapped in seclusion and seemingly safe from the prying eyes of the inquisitive hunter. But only *seemingly* safe. On one occasion I crept cautiously toward this favored spot and surprised not less than six deer, and many a moose have I seen resting here after his breakfast, unconscious of my near presence and in blissful ignorance of impending danger.

Just below the old dam there is a deep pool—a tempting resort for trout; and they are always there in abundance, and always hungry. Nor is their appetite at all capricious. No

artificial flies, nor dainty tackle will be needed for their capture. An alder pole, a bit of string and, maybe, even a pin hook will answer the purpose. Then you may see the "speckled beauties" spring like flashes of light at the lure of your bait, though it be nothing more tempting than a homely grasshopper.

Two miles further down the stream is the site of an abandoned "driving camp," and here you will find both deer and partridge, and they are almost always "at home." Still further below, the stream gathers and forms a "dead water," whose bosom is covered with rich growth of aquatic plants. Mosses and lily pads flourish in profusion, the latter being the daintiest dish on the varied bill of fare which the good Dame Nature has provided for Mr. and Mrs. Moose and their interesting offspring.

THE "ROCKY RIPS"

Nor has Nature forgotten another important need of the moose family. They are extravagantly fond of love-making, and she has so bordered the "dead water" with her verdure that it forms a perfect screen behind which the moose may court his inamorata, and even the tawny deer indulge in their gambols without the fear of mortal interruption. Silence reigns in this sylvan retreat. There is no rush of restless waters, no sighing of the breeze to break the stillness, and light indeed must be the tread of a hunter who reaches its shadowy vicinity unheard.

The "dead water"—which, with its dense growth of verdure, fills the upper point of Our Lake—gradually merges into a "thoroughfare." We follow this for perhaps half a mile and then

we see the open lake spread out before us, its tranquil bosom shining in the sun and now and then swept by a catspaw breeze just strong enough to throw bright bands of silver across the mirrored shadows of the trees that fringe the shore. The trees are of cedar, spruce, pine and white birch—patrician trees, all old enough and venerable enough to wear the epithet and to warrant me in joining with the old English poet, Cowley, when he sings:

"Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice."

There can be little doubt that the trees which surround Our Lake are patrician, and that there is also plenty of "plebeian underwood" flourishing about their giant trunks; but, as for the birds, I am sorry to say they are few. Neither do they have a "grateful voice," or, if possessed of one, they keep it to themselves and refuse to let it out in song. There is one little fellow, however, that has a most plaintive note. He is known to the natives as "Old Sammy Peebles," but why or wherefore nobody knows. As Dundreary would say, "That is one of the things that no fellow can find out." Sammy keeps very quiet during the day, but in the silence of nightfall we can hear his dirge-like note coming faintly through the shadows of the swamp. This funereal minstrel and the screeching bluejay comprise the entire concert talent that the feathered life of our vast woods can offer for our delectation. It is true that the kingfisher, the cross-bill, the peewee, the robin and the red-headed woodpecker all have their home here, but they have sadly neglected the cultivation of their voices. They have a reason, however, for their neglect. They are too much wrapped up in their domestic affairs, and too busy over the serious problem of making a living to spend any time on a musical education. Of course we cannot blame them. Life is sweet to all of us, and probably much sweeter than music.

To return to Our Lake. When the deep shadows of autumn gather along its verge, what a marvelous richness of color glows out of them! Jack Frost is an accomplished artist, and where he has touched the seed and vine behold the varied yellows! They are all here, from the pale maples to the vivid orange, deepening into royal purple and madder-brown. Out from the midst of these the plumes of sumach rear themselves and flash like tongues of fire.

A COVE IN "OUR LAKE"

Beneath these irridescent masses, the brown waters dance with the swirl of our canoe and catch and weave together the gorgeous splendor of the drooping branches and a still more gorgeous sunset — a sunset such as none but he who loiters in these Northern wilds can ever hope to see and enjoy. To add to all this, no phase of Nature is lacking in the environment to make the enchantment incomplete to man.

"The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The coming sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

Now let us drop poetry for the present and go over upon the other side of Our Lake. Here we will find two coves formed by a bold ledge of rock, which projects into the waters. These recesses are the sanctuaries of the timid deer. In the early morning and an hour or so before dark you will see them stealing softly down into the shallows where they nibble the

succulent grasses and disport and gossip in happy deer fashion until it is time to hide away and rest.

Many a tragedy in deer and moose life has been perpetrated in these twin coves. There was, for instance, the case of the giant bull moose who ventured down in broad daylight roaring and splashing and grunting in the reckless abandon of his passion. A guide caught the sound of his challenge and, seizing an old rifle—which, by the way, was much the worse for wear—ran to the scene and met the bull face to face. The huge animal, with two bullets already in his body, ran up the road with the guide at his heels, firing as rapidly as he could load and reload. With three more shots he brought down the moose, a victim of his own reckless courage. Truly a lordly knight-errant was he, and not less brave than the hero of ancient chronicle who held his life at a pin's fee when "ladye fayre" called him from castle tower to deeds of valor and love.

On one of our trips to these coves we had a little fire-fighting experience, the relation of which may not be uninteresting. Near the coves stood a big pine which had been riven by lightning, and was hollow from root to top. One bitterly cold day I imprudently started a roaring fire near the pine—so near that the flames reached the tree, ran up its chimney and out at the top, where the shifting wind caught the flames and threatened a forest conflagration of serious extent. It was only after hours of hard work, with countless buckets of water and the lively use of axes that we won the battle against the fierce element. Then, weary and tired out by our labor, we paddled back to our cabin.

A word or two in the description of this cabin will not be out of place. It is hidden in a close growth of firs, poplars, birches, spruce and maples, and is built of fir logs. It has a porch in front, graced with rustic seats, and here, during the intervals of the chase, these pages were penned. Within its cheerful confines are shelves and cubby-holes, a table built of cedar and a wealth of lounging conveniences. From the dining-rooms through a spacious window we look out upon Our Lake,

while fragrant logs blaze merrily in the big stove and fill the room's atmosphere with comfort and content. "Our Dan" brings in the dinner, and our bill of fare runs after this fashion:

Roast Venison.
Brook Trout.
Roast Grouse. Baked White Potatoes.
And still Whiter Boiled Onions.
Dessert, More of the Same.

By the way, Our Dan is something of a philosopher in his religious ideas. Out of his small earnings he lays by a weekly sum which he devotes to the Church—no particular Church, for all creeds and denominations are alike to him, with the single exception of the Methodists. These he debars from his bounty. When he is asked why he discriminates against this sect, his curt reply is "because they handle the truth careless." As for Dan's creed, it begins and ends with the Golden Rule. To follow this,

OUTLET OF "OUR LAKE"

he rightly believes is all that is required of him by his Maker and mankind. He also thinks that no doctrine is worthy of the name of Christian unless it has the "Rule" for its foundation.

As Dan lives up to his creed and in his daily life tries to follow in the footsteps of the Master, there can be little doubt that at the final reckoning when he hands in the account of his earthly stewardship he will find "The Pearly Gates" wide open to let him freely through the portals of his home among the skies.

And now to return to our dining table, which we left so abruptly. It is here that we tell and listen to tales of travel. It is here that we read and recite. And it is here that we encourage a banter of wit between our head guide and our cook, whose sallies of humor are as original as his dishes. These wordy wars contain a mixture of the wisdom of the forest and down-East quaintness which never fails to fill our dining-room with hearty, wholesome laughter.

To wash down our dinner we use neither wine nor coffee. Nor do we need them. Clear, cold water dipped from a bubbling spring across the lake is our only nectar.

Thus runs the current of our lives around the Paradise of Our Lake and—

"Thus would I double Life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race;
And in this true delight
These unbought sports and happy state
I would not fear, nor wish my fate!
But boldly say each night
To-morrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them, I have lived to-day!"

In front of our porch we have a horizontal pole reaching between two trees; from this pole is suspended a fat buck hanging by his feet. At the time of whiting, four or five moose birds, sometimes called camp thieves—meat birds—are stealing the glistening rolls of white fat from the deer's sleek haunches. We reach for the little 22-rifle and, presto the feathered thieves are gone, laughing derisively at our slowness.

Down in one quiet corner of Our Lake a pair of exemplary loons have nested year after year and reared their broods, and whenever our canoes leave the outer world and enter the lake our coming is always welcomed and our ears greeted with the screeches of wild laughter peculiar to the loon.

This season the family of the loon household was limited to four in number. It consisted of three adults, one of them being, probably, the nurse of a lone baby loon, a little fellow that looked very much like an animated ball of fur as he paddled along and dived into the recesses of the reeds to mock us from his hiding place with his impudent little note of laughter.

A second dam lies upon the channel of Our Lake's outlet. This channel wanders for a few miles and then pours its waters into a big lake lying upon a lower level. On either side of the stream hard-wood ridges rise with slopes bedecked with all the brilliant tints of Autumn.

When the beechnuts are plentiful, bruin, whose palate leans that way, is a frequent visitor to these parts. He grows fat and sleek on the rich feeding he finds on the ridges, but sometimes pays rather dearly for it. Many a soft rug has he furnished the city fur dealer for the benefit of "my lady's tootsies."

The bob-cat and black cat are also among our visitors, though they are not at all welcome ones. Often in the still hours of a frosty night while we were watching and patiently waiting for the expected grunt of the male moose, a screeching yell from one of the above-mentioned night-travelers would startle us and cause our heart to leap up into our throat. True, there might not be more than one yell, but one was quite enough.

The muskrat is another denizen of this region. Where the big bowlders rise from out the depths of "the thoroughfare" we may see a muskrat army busily building their winter homes. We note each day the amount of work they have done the night before and can judge how well they have fed by the piles of mussel shells—the empty dishes of their midnight supper.

Among our wildwood friends the most sociable and entertaining are the red squirrels or chicarees, as they are sometimes called. Like children, they are very fond of the game of "tag," and chase each other at breakneck speed first over our cabin roof, then up and down the trees, scampering atop the fallen logs that lie in their way, and scolding and cachinnating in such a vigorous manner that we often wonder their little throats don't burst.

Now and then we catch a glimpse of those valuable little fur bearers, the martens. They have a special fondness for the squirrel, in fact they love him—as a dinner tidbit. In their season they are often trapped in this locality, their soft jackets finding their way to the city fur dealers.

We have many strange animals hereabout, but the strangest of them all, with his wonderful eyes and massive horns, is the woodland caribou. In a former time, when the juniper or the hackamack trees flourished in rank profusion in the pine-tree State, the caribou revelled in its woods and bogs and grew fat upon the dainty black moss of the hackamacks. At times he would indulge his appetite on the gray moss of the spruce—but not as a matter of choice. Some years ago a predaceous worm destroyed the junipers and the caribou was compelled to leave his once favorite haunts in search of "fresh woods and pastures new." This season, as we are glad to note, the young junipers are springing up beside the ghosts of their ancestors, and in time they may be attractive enough to woo the caribou back again to his former home.

Thoreau, the naturalist, who passed within three miles of our lake in 1857, thus describes an evening spent in this vicinity: "It was a splendid moonlight night, and I, getting sleepy as it grew late, for I had nothing to do, found it difficult to realize where I was. This stream was much more unfrequented than the main one. It was only three or four rods wide, but the firs and spruce through which it trickled seemed yet taller by contrast. Being in this dreamy state, which the moonlight enhanced, I did not clearly discern the shore, but seemed, most of the time,

THOS. MARTINDALE AND GUIDES RETURNING TO "OUR LAKE" FROM A HUNTING EXPEDITION.

to be floating through ornamented grounds, for I associated the fir tops with such scenes—very high up some Broadway, and beneath or between their tops, I thought I saw an endless succession of porticoes and columns, cornices and façades, verandas and churches. I did not merely fancy this, but in my drowsy state such was the illusion. I fairly lost myself in sleep several times, still dreaming of that architecture and the nobility that dwelt behind and might issue from it; but all at once I would be aroused and brought back to a sense of my actual position by the sound of Joe's birch-horn in the midst of all this silence 'calling moose,' ugh, ugh, oo—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo, and I prepared to hear a furious moose come rushing and crashing through the forest and burst out on to the little strip of meadow by our side." And so has it been with the writer, through many and many an enchanting moonlight night when the moose *did* come and we heard the giant of the forest wading, splashing or feeding in the clear silvery lake, or with his passions aroused, crashing, roaring and tearing through the alders down by the water's edge, looking for his supposed mistress, in answer to our counterfeit call of the cow-moose. You, dear reader, cannot possibly imagine the intense excitement of such a scene, nor can I even faintly picture it.

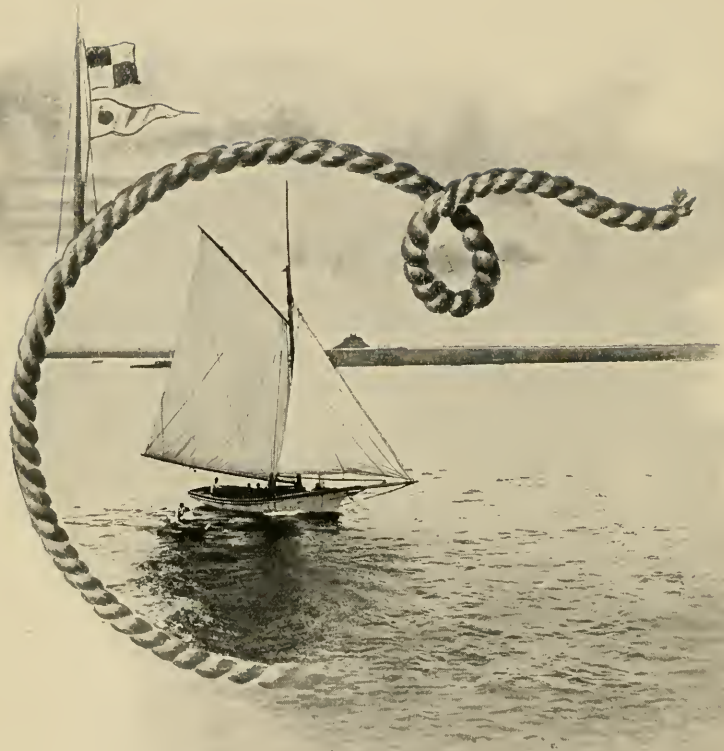
Is it strange that I should have such a fancy for this halcyon spot? Is it strange that when amid the summer dust and swelter of a city and weary in brain and body—I say is it strange that my fancy should then tear me from my tiresome desk and transport me to the shores of Our Lake? In the city there are a thousand discordant noises; here there is none. The city's atmosphere is filled with noxious fumes; here the air is purity itself. In the city I am but one of a million; here, like Selkirk, "I am monarch of all I survey." In a word, Our Lake is a spot to approach with the keenest joy and to leave behind with as keen regret.

At night, after the sun has set behind the cedars across the lake and we lie down upon our couch of fragrant boughs we lift our thought to the Great Giver of all good things and pray with "Tiny Tim," "God bless us, every one!"

In the morning the patter of the chickaree on the roof, the noisy hammering on the trees by the woodpecker, the chattering and screeching of the bluejays, and the loon with his early hymn to the sun—these are enough to awake and remind us that another happy day is born. A few steps bring us to the little wharf, where our pliant rod soon wins a breakfast from the lake's brown waters. While our catch is sizzling in the pan we take a delighted look at the radiance of old Katahdin whose sides are aglow with the light of the rising sun. Far away we see the outlines of other mountains mellowed by the distance and rising thousands of feet above the vast and forest-clad plain in which Our Lake is set, to sparkle there like a gem upon the emerald robe of Nature.

Will Our Lake be forever what it is to-day? Alas, no! In time it will be changed. Very slowly, but not the less surely, all its beauty will be swept from the earth, and the wild creatures that now amuse and interest us will disappear to seek a livelihood in a more remote and primitive region. The sportive trout will no longer haunt the then diminished and stagnant waters. Our ridges will be converted into potato patches and our cedars into pails and tubs. No more will the cry of the loon or the honk of the wild goose give emphasis to the solitudes. Our Lake will slowly lose its waters and dwindle into a morass—a lone and uninviting spot, fit only for the breeding of fevers and the propagation of mosquitoes. But the time is not yet. So let us make the most of our forest gem, while we may, and beg Old Father Time to withhold his ruthless hand, and to be in no hurry to rob us of Our Lake and the enjoyment of its beauty.

OYSTERIN' AN' CLAM'N'



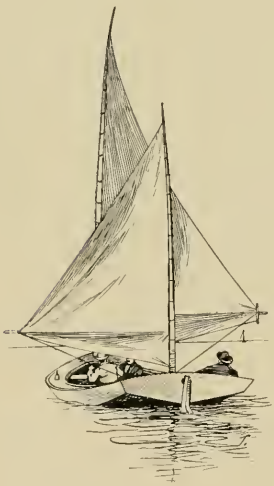
"Heaps of sea-gear lie around; a boat roofed shed,
Quaint wicker-traps, and ropes sea-bleached, and floats'
Bordering pitch-brown nets, clear sails outspread,
And idle oars resting on idle boats."

—*Tom Taylor.*

OYSTERIN' AN' CLAMIN'

ONE cold, raw day in the latter part of October, when the wind blew so fiercely that the fishing boats dared not venture outside of Hereford Inlet and the time hung heavy upon our hands, a trip up the sounds reaching far back to the mainland north of Grassy Sound was projected. Two as sturdy "sea salts" as ever sailed a boat, accustomed to all manner of bay shore work—"oysterin'," "clamin'," "fishin'," "cod-fishin'," "shootin'," "duckin'," and "pushin'," the latter accomplishment being that of pushing or poling a boat for mud-hens while the gunner stands in the bow to do the shooting—were our guides. We were taken to a place where the tides met, causing a wide, circling eddy, and where the bottom was covered with oyster shells. Here our boat was anchored while Captains "George" and "Martin A." started for a walk on the adjoining marsh. We fished as best we knew how, using all manner of attractive bait, but without result. Either the fish were not there or else they were not hungry; at any rate we caught none. Occasionally we noted that our guides were afar off stooping down and picking up something, but of what it was we had no knowledge until they returned with two baskets heaped full with enormous sized oysters. Asked if we cared for any we said no; but, without deigning to notice the negative reply, one of the men opened a few of the shells, and to our amazement the oysters were a perfect picture, as fat as butter, or, as one of the men put it, "they looked like a piece of solid, fat pork." We tasted one of them and then we forgot all about the cold rain, the bad fishing, the piercing wind and other discomforts and literally gorged ourselves with these delicious fat and succulent bivalves. Upon inquiry we learned that they had been found in the fissures caused by the banks of the sound breaking away from the marsh-land; there they had grown from the tiny "spats" to the over-grown and gamy wild oyster which had so delighted us. We

were told by our companions that but a few years back the sounds and salt water ponds everywhere back of Five-mile Beach were enriched with great beds of just such oysters as we had eaten, but as there had been little or no transplanting done to replenish the beds they were legitimate prey for all comers, it being nobody's business to restock the beds. It is now an unprofitable business to search for them, but when a deposit of them is discovered their delicious and gamy flavor, their fatness, their monstrous size, will make such an impression upon the lucky man who feasts upon them as in after years to start his gastric juice to freely flow just to think of them. The oyster in its young days has many enemies, which make its growth to maturity problematical. The fierce sheepshead fish is a ruthless destroyer of the young "spats," crushing their shells with its strong teeth and sucking out their small bodies and the juice with the avidity of a man with a disordered stomach drinking a tumblerful of raw clam juice. The "spat" obtains the lime out of which to form its shell from the water, and the quicker its shell is formed the better is its chance of survival. The lime in the water comes from springs in the interior which flow through a limestone formation—from deposits of limestone rocks in the ocean and from the decomposition of old oyster shells. On the oyster beds old shells are soon honeycombed by boring sponges and other marine animals, which enables the sea water to rapidly dissolve and diffuse it. In a few years not a trace of it is left. It is like the almost mysterious disappearance of the great masses of bone which form the towering antlers of deer, caribou, moose and elk, and which are shedded annually by these animals. In a few months they are gnawed out of



shape and consistence by the wood mice and field mice, who need the lime and phosphates which they contain, and their destruction is likewise helped along by the elements, and thus soon all trace of them is gone. If all the oyster shells after being opened were returned to the beds they would aid the growth of the "spats" materially. The youngster must likewise have plenty of oyster mud to live upon—this is a light, black sediment, the washings of rich farm lands which finds its way by various little streams down to the sounds and is finally helped along by fierce storms, high tides and scouring ice, and in such manner it is carried out to the great ocean.

I have for many years made periodical trips down to Broadwater Bay, Va., back of Hog Island. Here the oyster riotously thrives in a wild state, and the beds grow and grow until they form what are called oyster rocks, and at low tide these oyster rocks stand out in bold relief and are generally covered with hosts of men who pick up the oysters that cluster around the opened and decomposing shells, carry them to a schooner which will be anchored close by, and for which they receive in return a fee of from 10 cents to 15 cents per bushel. These oysters are taken to Chincoteague Bay, to Tuckerton, Absecon Bay, Morris River and other points. They are there transplanted, where they thrive and grow fat in their changed surroundings. Thus the Morris Coves, Absecons and Cape May Salts are oftentimes really natives of Virginia.

The custom of transplanting oysters is as old as Christianity itself, as Pliny writes of the artificial breeding of oysters in Lake Avernus, Italy. And the same methods in use then nearly two thousand years ago are still employed in small salt water lakes in the same district. "In 1853 M. De Bon, then Commissioner of Marine of France, was directed by the Minister to restock certain exhausted beds by planting new oysters upon them, and during this work, which was perfectly successful, he discovered that, contrary to the general opinion, the oyster can reproduce itself after it has been transplanted to bottoms on which it never before existed. And he at once commenced a series of experiments to

discover some way to collect the 'spat' emitted by these oysters, and he soon devised a successful apparatus, which consisted of a rough board floor, raised about eight inches above the bottom of the water, near low tide mark, covered by loose bunches of twigs."

In the aforementioned Broadwater Bay as I sat once in a boat concealed in a blind made of the branches of cedar trees stuck in the ground to make a screen to hide us from the wary red-head duck, the brant and the artful wild goose, I noticed a great number of young oysters clinging to the cedar boughs like barnacles upon a ship. The guide commenced to open some of the largest ones, and as they were very sweet, and were delicious almost to the melting point, I ate a goodly number —too many by far, as before many hours I suffered from an acute attack of ptomaine poisoning, which speedily drove me North to home and to a doctor. So, while they are at times small and innocent looking and exceedingly tempting to the palate, they are not to be trifled with, as in my case at least they came very near "putting me out of the running."

A writer who takes a supreme delight in incredible statistics says that a good-sized oyster will lay about sixteen million eggs, and if half of these were to develop into female oysters we should have from a single female eight million descendants in the first generation, and in the second eight million times eight millions, or 64,000,000,000,000,000. As there is no way of proving or disproving this man's statement, we must let it stand as it is, as life is too short to quarrel about it.

Now as to "clamin'"—as fine clams as ever enriched a clam chowder or made a clam bouillon are to be found in the sounds back of Five-mile Beach. Not, however, in such profusion as in times of yore when they were shipped away in car loads, but in such quantities that the patient "clam-er" can earn a very good living and a quick sale for all the clams which he can "catch." It is not many years since that the present Mayor of Anglesea made a shipment of four carloads of clams at one time to a consignee in New York, which were to be crushed and

squeezed, strained and prepared for bottled clam bouillon. Four carloads of clams—just think of it! their number, their weight and the amount of bouillon which they would make to nourish the sick and to brace up the men who had "been making a night o'nt." They would help to furnish the residents of our great country who live thousands of miles away from the sea with one of the most nutritious and palatable decoctions of sea food that ever pleased the palate of the modern epicure or enriched the dietary of the sick room.

The work of digging for clams—of watching for their "signin'," as the bayside Virginians put it—is to some men a most fascinating employment. It surely is healthy, and it is undoubtedly profitable if the "clamer" is at all industrious and persistent in his work. Not long ago a clerical friend of mine took his family down to Holly Beach to spend the summer there. He had a young son, a lad of fifteen, who became enamored of "clamin'," and soon he made enough out of it to buy himself a boat, and also laid by a goodly sum of money in the bank, which was a great deal more commendable than the custom of most youths in spending all the money coming to them during the summer season in seaside dissipation, and who oftentimes return to their homes utterly used up in health and pocket as well.

It is said that when bears were plentiful in South Jersey that they were often seen breaknig clam shells by hammering them with a rock and then tearing out and eating the rich-juicy meat. I once saw a gull flying straight up in the air and dropping something that looked like a stone into shallow water. This it did repeatedly, rising higher and higher each time. We

sailed over close enough to note that the mystery was one that was easily solved. The gull had a big clam which it was thus trying to break and which it at last succeeded in doing, for before we sailed away we saw it pick out the meat from the broken shell.

That fish are ravenously fond of clams we all know, but many will be surprised to learn that wild ducks often meet a death from drowning because in sticking their bills into the open mouths of clams the clams promptly shut their vise-like jaws, which hold the ducks down as if in a steel trap until they are drowned. In a town in the interior of the state a rat found a clam shell partly open and thrust his paw in to scoop out the meat. The clam promptly closed his shell and the rat in spite of all his struggles, was held a prisoner until he was discovered and dispatched. So we can all see that the clam knows a trick or two that shows him to be an up-to-date creation, and not a being that acts "like dumb-driven cattle.".

The story of the recluse who fed a pet clam, talked to it until it knew his voice, and which became so attached to him that it followed him around wherever he went, but in climbing up a pair of stairs following after its master it unfortunately slipped and fell from the top landing and broke its shell and thus died—to his master's intense grief—only shows that the clam is not so dumb as he looks.

Down below Wildwood at the "new Cape May" operation there is a big and powerful dredge at work, and among the many submerged things it has cast up on the surface are a number of ancient clam shells, about the size of an ordinary dinner plate. They were exhumed from the blue mud, and when sent to the scientists in Philadelphia whose business it is to be posted upon clam genealogy they were pronounced to be at least 10,000 years old. In fact it is plain that the clam family is the oldest upon the coast.

WILDWOOD BY-THE-SEA AS A HEALTH RESORT

"Oh weel I mind, oh weel I mind,
Tho' now my locks are snow,
How oft langsyne I sought to find
What made the bellows blow!
How, cuddling on my grannie's knee,
I questioned night and day,
And still the thing that puzzled me
Was, where the wind came frae."—*Burns*.

WILDWOOD BY THE SEA AS A HEALTH RESORT

THE strenuous life that the average business man, if he be anywhere near to the front with his competitors, is now leading, is rapidly filling the seaside and mountain resorts of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts with worked-out, worn-out men—men with brainfag, men with various forms of uric-acid poisoning, rheumatism, lumbago; men with nervous

THE SPLENDID WILDWOOD BEACH

prostration, who jump at the slamming of a door; men with paralyzed limbs, who are wheeled about in rolling chairs; men who are sent far away from home to be free of the telephone, free from letters, free from interviews for news, free from the perplexities, the importunities of friends and of applicants for positions, of people with merchandise to sell, of law-suits and of the thousand other nerve-racking, strength-sapping things that are the necessary and unavoidable conditions that a business man is compelled to endure in order to be in the "front of the procession" among his fellows. As a forcible index of the stern reality of the above statement and of the price men have to pay

in health and strength for their business success, it may be stated that at one time, at one hotel, in Southern California, during the winter of 1902, there were housed therein no less than thirty-nine millionaires, among whom were thirteen multi-millionaires, and the majority of them were sufferers from excess of uric acid, caused perhaps by sumptuous living and want of exercise.

For a year or more I had been afflicted with an occasional back-breaking attack of lumbago, with an impaired digestion, and a brain wearied, beyond expression, from the multiplicity of things it had to grapple with. In the latter part of December, after consultation with some leading physicians, I was advised, on account of the condition of my health, to immediately journey to the southern part of the "Golden State," and so it fortuned that on the last day of the year 1902 I found myself seated in a parlor car, the proud possessor of a long strip of paper, which entitled me to a passage by rail to Coronado beach, at the most southern part of Southern California. There I spent the winter, living in the sunshine and breathing the highly electrified air which came at times over the great American desert, which is but a few miles distant from that resort.

For nearly three months I lived upon a careful diet, was out every minute of daylight, and likewise paid close attention to the advice of my physicians as to exercise, walking, bathing, etc. When the time came to turn homeward, I felt as if my trip had been a failure. In my journey to the eastern seaboard, while passing through the desert region, with its hot sands, and hotter winds, for two days we experienced a temperature of ninety-three degrees and over, and upon reaching the Middle West we ran into a temperature which chilled us to the bone, although it was only in the sixties. When the shelter of friends and home were reached, my condition was even more reduced as to strength than when I left. The doctors told me that I had made a distinct gain, inasmuch that I had taken on new and better flesh in lieu of that which had been lost, and to that extent I was better. But as to the strength with which to meet the

requirements of a strenuous business life, it was sadly wanting. In consultation with the same kindly and skilled physicians who were my advisers in the December previous, the decision was reached that the expected benefits from the California trip had not been realized and that I should start as soon as possible for the Austrian Tyrol, and there partake of the celebrated and beneficial baths that were believed to be a certain cure for cases like mine. It may well be imagined that after spending nearly five months away from home, we did not relish the idea of at once starting away upon a long trip to a foreign land, and

WILDWOOD BEACH, LOOKING NORTH

spending a number of months among strange people, with nothing to assure me that at the end of my sojourn I would be able to rejoice in a renewal of my accustomed health and strength.

While this perplexing question was thus revolving in my mind a friend advised that the air and surroundings at Wildwood would give me all the benefit that I could ever hope to obtain by making a journey to Gastein in the Austrian Tyrol. It was hard to believe the statement, which he stoutly maintained as being true, that the air at Wildwood differed so greatly from the atmospheric conditions either at Cape May, Atlantic City

or other places on our eastern seaboard, but his earnestness finally so impressed me that I made a visit one day in the latter part of May to Wildwood.

I was there not an hour—just had time enough to walk around and see the place—when I said to my wife that Wildwood suited me better than any place I had yet seen, and there and then decided upon securing a home for the summer. And so we moved down, and were established in a comfortable, cozy cottage, near to Old Father Ocean, where we could breathe the ozone from the salty expanse of water, and where, during the day, the time could be pleasantly spent in fishing, walking, bathing, reading and taking an occasional trolley ride to enliven things the summer could be passed. Only once during the summer did I venture away from the beautiful home and the beautiful surroundings which I enjoyed to the full.

Here I found a resort whose sidewalks were paved with modern pavements, the residents furnished with pure water from deep artesian wells, with streets one hundred and eighty feet apart, leading at right angles from the sea to the sounds. With a fine system of drainage, a careful daily gathering of waste paper and other rubbish, likewise a daily collection of garbage, and a bi-weekly carting away of ashes. The streets so wide and so close together that a free circulation of air was always possible in the hottest of days. A resort with an almost paternal civic government—where no questionable amusements are permitted, a beach as fine as any the world ever helped to make, and a resident population always zealous in protecting the good name of the community, and in extending a uniform courtesy and a hearty welcome to strangers.

Another feature of Wildwood, which is a source of almost daily pleasure and wonder, is the remarkable growth of wildwood trees, twisted and intertwined into all sorts and conditions of tangles, holly trees growing into and out of cedar trees. Siamese twin trees, bound as firmly with an indissoluble band as ever the Siamese twins were. It is said that that grand "old man," so long the editor of the *Public Ledger*—Wm. V. McKean

—who has now gone to his rest—used to visit Wildwood frequently, spending the most of his time, not on the beach with the fleeting crowds, but in the silent and profound contemplation of the wonderful vagaries that nature in one of her most capricious moods exhibits in the startling growths of Wildwood —at Wildwood the resort so fittingly and happily named. Here are the wild holly, the marsh mallow or wild hollyhock, the field daisy, the cardinal flower, the bluebell, the snowdrop and also the poison ivy. The wild flowers seem to come and go in a stately procession, showing a veritable kaleidoscope panorama of wild flower loveliness, every week during the summer bringing a lusty, vigorous growth of some new form of floral life unrivaled anywhere along the eastern seaboard.

METHUSELAH

The clinging vines, the tangled jungles, the stately trees, the secluded sylvan paths, within a few minutes walk from the beach, captivate the senses by their almost tropical luxuriance. No wonder that before the advent of steel rails into this halcyon wilderness, the pretty water ponds embowered in it were the fitting sanctuary of the wild duck, the resting place upon its migratory flight of the Canada goose, the

L. of C.

A WILDWOOD ROAD IN WINTER

happy feeding ground of the stately blue heron and the almost sacred spot where the eager sportsman many a time and oft flushed and killed the plump and solitary woodcock, the wary Wilson snipe, and the many colored duck, with an occasional red fox or cotton-tailed rabbit, to complete the filling of his game bag. The game laws and lack of strength prohibiting the use of the gun during my stay, fishing per force became my summer's vocation, and I soon learned that the fish, like the flowers, come and go in procession, each species needing some different method, some different bait perhaps from the others, and so it came to pass that with rod and reel I brought to land, sea bass, blue fish, flounders, snapping mackerel, weak fish, king fish, eels, sea robins, skates, Cape May goodies, perch, porgies and a motley assortment of sharks. Where, on all the coast, could you find greater variety of fish or in greater abundance?

FISHING AT ANGLESEA

JUL 21 1905.

"OCEAN BOUND, FLOWER GOWNED
FOREST CROWNED
WILDWOOD."

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